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POLITICS

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# EDITORIAL



ALL TOO frequently our poor disintegrating modern world is visited by a crisis of some sort, a moment filled with terror that the worst has finally come, or alight with hope that out of darkness and confusion and meaninglessness, something or someone will emerge to save us. So much hangs in the balance, and the balance has become so delicate that a very little change can make a lot of difference.

A periodic event like the American presidential election is now important out of all proportion to its originally intended significance. It can be tragic by its mere failure to arise to the occasion of greatness.

## The Power and Impotence of the Vote

Everyone would like to believe that the big issues of our day are represented by Mr. Truman and Mr. Dewey, that one represents the forces of good and the other of evil (which is which varies with one's political affiliation). If this were only true then we could resolve all our problems merely by voting, and we wish it were true because voting is the only action we know how to take in the political sphere.

We are likely to go right along thinking that voting represents the totality of our duties as citizens, because from now on we are able to have someone important to vote *against*. We have already had Marcantonio, and now we have Wallace, whose chances of getting elected aren't very great. By 1952 we should have a really good and powerful communist to vote *against*. We will find ourselves in the same crisis Italy recently faced, where a lot of votes can turn a tide momentarily, in order that the forces of good can do some constructive work other than voting. If we fancy ourselves sufficiently virtuous by the mere act of voting now, disaster will certainly be upon us later. As things are now, both our leading candidates stand only to aggravate the ills which are upon us.

Mr. Dewey is said by his enemies to be a reactionary who will get Wall Street in power again, who will restore the rule of the law for the private good of the rich. His friends think of him as a conservative man standing for order, stability, balanced budgets and all those things which Republicans and capitalists cherish. Mr. Dewey might be transformed by election, of course, but at present even his best friends couldn't call him a man of vision and

courage. He probably has a lot of minor virtues, but we don't need minor virtues, we need greatness. And heaven knows that four years of secular, reactionary capitalism, even if of the "enlightened" sort, can serve to carry us to the very brink of disaster.

On the other hand, Mr. Truman has the disadvantage of having already demonstrated his incompetency. That is why he has to concentrate his campaign speeches on castigating the rival party "giving 'em hell," as he calls it. Thus he adds shame to the already shameful fact that he is out touring the country in an effort to whip up votes when he might better be back in the White House tending to presidential affairs. Let him stand before the voters on his record. True, it isn't a very comfortable place to stand but a man ought, before God and for the sake of the common good, to admit it when he is inadequate.

Mr. Truman likes to pose as the friend of the multitude, but to the extent that this is true it is a false friendship for it is a catering to the greed of the multitude, just as Mr. Dewey is presumably going to bring out the worst in the rich if he is elected.

Let each one's conscience be his guide in choosing between these two men. Undoubtedly one is better than the other, but it is not absolutely clear-cut from a Christian point of view which is better, or rather which is the lesser evil. What is clear to anyone with perspective is the appalling lack of greatness in both our leading candidates. They are puny men, as we are puny men, and the circumstances clamor for greatness. What is also evident is that these men and we voters are several light years removed from even the proper criterion of statesmanship. We don't know what politics is all about really. We only know the sorry spectacle we see before us. Therefore we should like to say something in this editorial about the true nature of politics. But first a word about Mr. Wallace, but only a word because we have dealt with him elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Wallace represents the handwriting on the wall. He claims to be a candidate by popular demand, and in a sense that is true. We so badly need a savior for society that a man could easily get delusions that he is our messiah. If the president who is elected continues a pattern of expediency and too great a love of the *status quo*, and if we continue our own irresponsible ways, we shall have a really formidable Mr. Wallace, or someone like him to vote against in the next election, and it may then be too late.

### **The Politician and the Statesman**

A politician is a man who knows the art (or tricks) of getting elected. He is the counterpart in the political order of the millionaire.



ire in the economic order. The millionaire has mastered the art of making money and if he should also happen to produce something useful for society, that is secondary and more or less accidental. The politician then looks first to getting elected and usually after election conducts himself in such wise as to try to insure his re-election. There are exceptions, of course, but they are few. If a politician governs well it is more or less by accident. All politicians do something for the common good along with quite a few things which are against the common good.

Mr. Farley is a good example of a politician, and a convenient example since he has lately seen fit to write a book. He is said to know ten thousand or so key people by their first name. He sees (or did when he was in active politics) everything in the light of the coming election and the maintenance of power by the Democratic party. In his recent book about Roosevelt, Mr. Farley never once revealed a capacity for things higher than politics, or demonstrated any of the qualities that would make him a statesman. Yet there was a moment when he hoped to be president. Considering how many other men in our day have aspired to jobs far beyond their capacity, perhaps Mr. Farley is not to be blamed for his ambitions. Yet he is a Catholic and the Church could have revealed to him the immeasurable gulf that separates the modern politician from the true statesman. His total unawareness of this is symbolized by the fact that he could pass without pain or shame from high politics to Coca-Cola, from the destiny of men and nations to soft drinks.

A statesman is a man who possesses the skill of governing. Since the state is a union of people banded together for their common good, the statesman must have made a profound and yet practical study of what is to the common good, not just in the abstract but in his particular country. All those years that our politicians spend hanging around party headquarters and trying to figure out how to get people to like them, might much better be spent traveling around the country to get familiar with the people and their problems, studying history and political science, praying and studying moral theology.

A statesman's special skill is prudence because he must know how to apply principles to the concrete situation, and Saint Thomas says that the virtue of prudence involves the practice of the other moral virtues, besides leaning heavily on experience. A man may be a good citizen without necessarily being a good man, but a man cannot be a good statesman without being a good man because he wouldn't have prudence if he didn't have the other moral virtues.

No wonder we so lack statesmen since the moral caliber of many of our public figures is so low. The highest officials are, ostensibly at least, respectable, but one remembers Mr. Roosevelt betraying nations at Yalta for expediency's sake, and Mr. Truman's glee over the dropping of the first atomic bomb on Japan.

Since the statesman's proper preoccupation is the common good, it would be well to consider what the common good is. One way to see it is to look at what it isn't. The common good *isn't* the sum of private goods, it isn't your good plus my good plus someone else's good. So when Mr. Truman tells the farmers he's looking after *their* interests and the Negroes that he's looking after *their* interests, and the factory workers that he is looking after *their* interests, etc., he is not even pretending he is going after the common good (whereas if he worked toward a just social and economic order they would all benefit). And when Mr. Dewey tells the business men he's looking after them and so forth, down to the specific private good that they are promised, whether it be lowered taxes or more free milk, it is the same thing. The assumption, or perhaps the hope, is that a lot of private goods will add up to the common good. They won't. The common good is a good which can only be obtained by men acting in unison and under some sort of authority. It is usually a system, such as an interchange of heterogeneous goods and services. Each man contributes to the common good by some service or sacrifice, but each man also benefits from the common good, although not all equally, or in the same coin that they contributed to it. The common good is not just material but also spiritual (because a multitude of men have the same end as individual men, that is, to come by virtuous life to the enjoyment of God) and although the state is not the Church it nevertheless has the duty to see that the collective citizens honor God, and to foster virtue and religion.

All the bad forms of government are perversions of good forms which have neglected the common good, and we have them all in a measure. Aristocracy degenerates into oligarchy which is the rule of the rich for the good of the rich. Individualistic capitalism was a sort of oligarchy. Democracy degenerates into the popular state—which is pretty much what we have now. In it the poor rule for the sake of the poor. This is less unjust than oligarchy because there are more poor people than rich people. The popular state, because of a certain irresponsibility it has in respect to order (witness our ever more crippling strikes) and financial stability, usually brings the third abusive form down on its head. That is tyranny, an absolute rule which is for the sake only



of the tyrant. We have seen it happen over and over again in Europe, and it is a not very remote threat here.

### Could a Statesman Be Elected?

Since we don't have a great man to fill an office crying for greatness, it may seem academic to speculate about whether or not we would acclaim a savior if we had one. Yet this subject needs investigation because it is commonly thought that virtue and excellence can't succeed so there is no point in pursuing them. Perhaps that is why promising young Catholic men don't go into politics. One hates to think that it is because they aren't even concerned about the common good.

Americans are like spoiled children in a nursery, who have been doing and eating everything they want for as long as they can remember, and our politicians are like completely irresponsible adults trying to win the children's affections by promising them more lolly-pops, more self-indulgence, more staying up late at night. Now even spoiled children tire of pleasing themselves and would welcome an ordered, enlightened, and virtuous regime which would bring peace to the nursery and direction to their lives. They would even welcome (and we presently may) a tyrannical order imposed by force, anything so long as there is order.

So in a certain sense we are spoiling for a great leader and we would be more liable to thrust him into office prematurely than to hold him back. This does not mean that he would rise to power through the ordinary channels of party politics. Almost certainly he would not. Mr. Farley readily admitted in his book that party nominations are not made in respect to true quality, and that any identification of candidate and excellence is largely fortuitous. But in any case a real leader would be impatient of party machinery from the start, which would not hinder him especially, as it hasn't hindered Wallace much and didn't hinder LaGuardia.

Of course, we are presupposing now that we have a real leader, not just a dignified, scholarly career diplomat or a personality boy, but a man of vision, who understands and loves the people, and who is *absolutely incorruptible*, that is to say, who cares not for his private good, wealth, honor or glory, but is solicitous first, last and always for the common good of the country. In other words, he would have to be a saint or very nearly so, and we ought to divest ourselves of the notion that virtue can't cope with the nasty realities of political life. There is nothing about being a saint which precludes being an able statesman if that is one's calling. Anyhow, who is to say that the American people would not elect such a one if he existed? Have we not recently

as much as canonized Babe Ruth for the mere fact that he could hit a baseball hard and because, having started as a juvenile delinquent, he managed to stay out of the penitentiary?

## Why We Have No Statesmen

Our present plight has two major sources: one is our own lack of virtue, the other is secularism. Most people in analyzing political problems talk on the level of secondary or immediate causes. They attribute our ills to Roosevelt's extended stay in the White House, to the Republican Congress, to Mr. Stalin's latest audacity, to this policy or that bill or something that happened yesterday. It does not invalidate these reasons, such of them as are true reasons, to say that there are more remote ills of which they are but surface manifestations. Both types of explanations are true but the radical explanation is much more profound and therefore more true.

If our politicians are not solicitous for the common good neither are we. Greed is universal, not only as individually practiced (it comes out, for instance, in respect to hoarding) but it is also incorporated into our institutions and systems. It is the foundation stone of our economic system, which has profit as the final incentive and which hopes to obtain order by pitting one man's greed against the next man's greed under the polite name of competition. Our schools have conformed to the pattern of selfish interest and devoted themselves to teaching people how to get ahead instead of how to serve God. Our newspapers glorify world success and exploit our passions *ad nauseam*. And so on. How can we expect to produce great statesmen in such a setting?

Yet it is conceivable that a great man might rise up in the midst of our mediocrity, because no man is bound absolutely to his surroundings and with grace can rise far above the common level. Prayer would help him do so. The most useful thing we can do in the present political situation is, after voting, to give our prayers and sacrifices to the man who wins the election. He is no worse than we are, and if we hope for God's grace to help us why not try to obtain it also for him?

The second reason we have no great leaders is even more serious, it is secularization. We have forgotten that Christ is King of the Universe and that the state must serve Him and must also help us to reach our eternal destiny (since our destiny is supernatural the state cannot provide the means, that is, grace, but the state must help us to obtain the means). It is true that our politicians neglect the common good, or subordinate it to the private good, but the worst thing is that they conceive the common good



purely material terms. That is why we have a government which is ever so solicitous about finding a cure for cancer, getting rid of wharf rats, rationing scarce food, giving old age benefits, and apprehending thieves (all good things). But, whereas our government allows for religion it does nothing positive to promote religious education, corporate public worship and the like, so it is really neglecting the most important common good of the citizens. As long as generations of public school children grew up without any religious education and it interfered merely with their own happiness and salvation the government was unconcerned, but it shouldn't have been. Now that the schools are turning out juvenile delinquents en masse and these are proving expensive and destructive citizens, the government is becoming solicitous but in a perverse way. We have psychiatry under the auspices of a government which would not touch religion with a ten-foot pole. Who is not for me will be against me."

In all the governments of Western society we have the same phenomenon. States which refused to admit the Christian premise about the ultimate destiny of man, from which they could have determined the true nature of the common good, have fallen under material despotism. Mussolini could pass as the champion of the people because he built highways and destroyed highwaymen, things which really are to the common good but relatively unimportant. Few people noticed that he was at the same time undermining their true common good. Now we have Russia which dogmatically and mystically proclaims that the true common good is the state itself, which is the last end for which men exist. But God is really the ultimate common good. We have the same thing developing here with our bureaucracy and state paternalism. A man like Wallace represents not so much the forces of private interest as he does radical transition in an official concept of final things.

That is why our political crisis is in reality a religious crisis. We cannot hope to better our condition (although we can worsen it more than necessary) by any purely secular means. We need reintegration of religion with political life and political thinking. We need to read and learn and meditate on the relevant Christian doctrine of Christ the King. For as things are, we Catholics are so secularized in our thinking that we would probably be the first to vote against a measure or a man reflecting the Church's teachings on this matter. As for our own Catholic politicians, as we have pointed out several times in this issue, neither the partisans of self-interest nor the complete secularists need fear their oppo-

sition, for they do not even appear to know the Catholic doctrine although they may defend the Church's interests in particular obvious instances.

Let us pray hard for our new president, whoever he may be

THE EDITORS

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# Our Unhonored King

The Feast of Christ the King is the feast of our age. At every epoch in the history of the Church there have been feasts instituted to fill a special need of society, and to call people's attention to some profound truth which had been sinking into oblivion.

In proclaiming the Feast of Christ the King in 1925, Pope Pius XI hoped to remind nations "that rulers as well as individuals are obliged to give public honor and obedience to Christ."

For it is true that for the past four hundred years each succeeding generation of men has thought more and more that religion is a private matter. The kingship of Christ has been repudiated, His worship relegated to the individual, and an attempt has been made to put and keep Christ in His place—in the Church.

That this has succeeded in a measure is apparent. We have only to view our secularistic society to see the temporary victory of the dethroners of Christ. That this attempt to keep Him out of society is doomed to final failure is obvious to the Christian. For it is quite true: we can try to put God out of the universe, but He remains. We can try to keep Christ in His place in the Church and religion, but we cannot keep Him out of society. We can try to forget the fact that Christ is our King but nevertheless it remains a fact. We cannot get away from it, but we can refuse to recognize it. The Psalmist could declare: "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy face? If I ascend into heaven Thou art there: if I descend into hell Thou art present." But we as a people have turned aside from this reality. Nevertheless, we remain subjects of a King—albeit an unhonored King. The reason this is so is because God the Father made Christ our King, and we are His subjects whether we like it or not. "To Christ as Man belongs the title and power of King in strict reality." Since His kingship is from above His status is not altered by the acceptance or rejection of His subjects. *We* did not elect Him. He is our King.

And His empire is over all men. Leo XIII declared that:

His empire includes not only Catholic nations, not only baptized persons who, though of right belonging to the Church, have been led astray by error or have been cut off from her by schism, but also those who are outside the Christian faith. So that truly the whole of mankind is subject to the power of Jesus Christ.

That is a matter of fact, not sentiment. As Christians we

have been insufficiently bold in declaring this fact. We have been timid about introducing Christ into discussions of public life and politics. We have accepted with docility the principle that religion and politics do not mix, and we have felt fully justified in so doing. We do not expect the state to be actively "for Christ." We are satisfied with a neutral position, and we continue to believe in a neutrality which simply cannot exist. Christ Himself declared that "He who is not with Me, is against Me."

We have remained complacent as long as the state is not obviously anti-God, anti-Christ, nor anti-Catholic. We regard the fact that we can maintain our Catholic schools as a privilege rather than a right. The opening of meetings and sessions of Congress with a prayer is looked upon as almost supererogatory.

Even devout Catholics often have concurred in the dethronement of Christ, while giving Him great personal love and adoration. Christ is the Lover and the Friend, but He is also the King. And we have neglected to honor Him in just that role, and under just that title. We may give Him wordless worship, profound love. To Him may be given our hearts and our confidences. Our personal life may center around Him. He may be truly our All. But have we forgotten that He is also our King, and that to Him should be paid public homage? Is there not something missing in our realization of the exalted dignity of Christ when we are willing to have Him in the Church and not in the Capitol, in our prayers, but not in our politics?

His title as King is not merely an honorary one. It is not part of the poetic language of lovers. It is a word—"king"—that is to be taken in its exact, literal meaning.

We have to come to a realization of what is meant by the kingship of Christ if we are to counteract the wrong, fuzzy, inaccurate ideas that are prevalent today. Christians have been put on guard against the principle that "man exists for the state." Any graduate of a Catholic college can prove why this is false. But we are not equally aware of the other falsehood, never stated but implied, that "God exists for the state." Increasingly in this country religion is looked upon as something subordinate to citizenship. There is an advertisement that goes something like this: "Give your children religious training to make good citizens." Religion becomes something existing for the good of the state as an aid to its smooth functioning. This is an inversion of the proper order. As a matter of fact, the state exists to aid the citizens to provide for their temporal necessities, and to be of positive assistance in the attainment of their eternal salvation.



The ultimate purpose of the state—as the purpose of the individual—is to glorify God by acknowledging the kingship of Christ. The glory of God—not social benefits—is the ultimate end of society. It is not surprising that by neglecting this end and bringing God into politics only when it is convenient, not only has Christ been dethroned, but social benefits have not accrued. Pius XI called attention to the consequences of this rebellion against Christ in the encyclical on Christ the King, as well as in his encyclical *Ubi Arcano*.

They (the consequences) are: the seeds of disunity sown far and wide; bitter and hostile rivalries among nations, blocking the path of peace; insatiable greed masking behind pretended patriotism, that is a source of domestic turmoil; blind, uncontrolled selfishness driving men to seek nothing but their own ease and welfare, making these the measure of all things; homes shattered by neglect and families broken by disunion and instability. In a word, society shaken to its foundations and headed for ruin.

It may be asserted that Christ's kingdom is spiritual and that consequently His kingship does not extend to things political. He stated plainly, it is true, "My kingdom is not of this world," but that was to oppose it to the kingdom of Satan; to make clear that His kingdom had no human, worldly derivation, but that it was given to Him by God the Father; and to indicate that His kingdom transcended any geographic, national boundaries to extend over all races and all peoples. But to interpret His kingdom not being of this world to mean that the kingship of Christ has nothing to do with states nor with their rulers is erroneous. Pius XI states: "In virtue of the absolute rule over all creatures given Him by the Father, Christ has authority in civil affairs." It is true that while He was on earth Christ did not exercise this power, but it is nonetheless His. He can delegate this power to others, as He does, but that does not mean that it is no longer His. The rulers of states, the law-making bodies, and the judiciary have to render an account of their stewardship to Christ the King.

"All men, whether collectively or individually, are subject to Christ. So there is no difference in this matter between the individual, the family or the state." All are subject to Christ.

Christ's kingship brings with it a threefold blessing:

1. *It is the foundation of the authority of governments.* (Christ said to Pilate, "You would not have power against Me unless it has been given you from above." Pilate abused his authority, but his

authority was lawful.) We are likely to forget that, accustomed as we are to hearing that the state derives its authority from the consent of the governed. When we were taught about the Divine Right of Kings we were left with the impression that benevolent despotism is wrong because the king feels that he is responsible to God alone for his actions. The fact is that it is wrong not because the king is subject to God, but if he is not sufficiently aware of his subjection and responsibility to Christ the King. When the kingship of Christ is recognized as the foundation of the authority of governments, rulers will perform their duties conscientiously and with greater attention to the good of the governed. Consequently, prosperity and harmony will increase. The contrary is true if Christ is excluded from public affairs.

With God and Jesus Christ excluded from public life, with authority derived not from God but from man, the very basis of that authority has been taken away. For the chief reason of the distinction between ruler and subject has been done away with. The result is that human society is tottering to its fall, because it has no longer a secure and solid foundation. (*Ubi Arcano*)

We might emphasize here the fact that the ruler's authority comes from God even in a democracy where he is chosen by the people. Then the power of the people to elect comes from God and the power to rule is given through them to their rulers. However, it may be said that in reality the president's authority comes from God and he is answerable to Christ the King for the use of his power.

2. Once men recognize that Christ is King society will receive *the great blessing of true liberty*. The human authority of rulers is invested with a religious meaning and the obedience of the citizens is ennobled. The citizens do not obey out of servility and fear, but because they see their rulers as vicegerents of Christ. Their criticisms of their governments and the human weaknesses of their rulers will be tempered by the recognition of the loyalty they owe them in Christ. Pius XI declared: "Conflicts will be thus prevented, or at least their bitterness lessened."

3. If the nations enter into the kingdom of Christ they will receive the *peace* which comes with His reign. Any efforts to found this peace on any other basis than His kingship are bound to fail because this alone transcends national and racial differences. All men are not subject to the same temporal ruler but they are subject to the same King.

It may be objected that the above remarks and blueprints for



the kingdom of Christ are all very ideal, but "we must be practical." "Such a state of affairs can never come about." "Certainly you wouldn't want a union of Church and state. Look what happened in countries where there was one."

It is indeed true that the function of the state is different from the function of the Church, but that does not imply that there should not be harmony and unity between them. The eye and the hand have different functions but that does not prevent their working in union. Dissension arose and corruption was brought about in ages when Church and state functioned on a more unified basis, not because of the fact of this unity but because either statesmen or churchmen (or maybe both) forgot that Christ was their King and were drawn by narrow, selfish desires and ambitions.

It should be emphasized that the idea of a state the basis of whose authority is the Kingship of Christ is not a *theory* to be speculated upon but an *ideal* toward which we should work. It is not a matter of opinion nor something which may or may not be true. And we cannot treat it as such. We are obliged in conscience to work for the restoration of Christ's kingship over nations as surely as we are obliged to work toward the ideal of the One Fold and One Shepherd. That neither will be accomplished perfectly before the end of the world does not do away with our obligation. Admittedly it is a tremendous task. Christ Himself realized it was. He assured His Apostles that they would not complete their work until the end of time. But we cannot lag behind because of that. We have to work actively that His kingdom will come in national affairs. It is analogous to our work to establish His personal kingship in each of us. The ideal is to love God with our whole heart and soul and strength. This ideal will never be fully realized. Even if and when we become saints we can still grow in love; we can't stop. So it is with the establishment of Christ's universal kingship. We shall never fully attain to the ideal but we are bound to keep trying. In the measure of its fulfillment will lie the peace and happiness of temporal society, and the facilities offered citizens to grow in prosperity and virtue.

When we view the political situation in our own country we realize how far we have come from the concept of a state where Christ is King. There is no point maintaining that any of the candidates in our November election stands for a Christian idea of government. All are products of our secular culture. We cannot vote for anyone and say that we are voting for the restoration of the kingship of Christ. The results of the past four hun-

dred years of secularization could not be wiped out immediately even if there were a candidate who is an integrated Christian. On the whole, we Catholics don't realize the extent of the universal secularization. We have lost the sense of Christ in society so that we have accepted without question the fact that we do not have crucifixes in our courtrooms, assembly halls and schools. This condition has existed in this country since its foundation—a testimony to the fact that it was born not of a Christian but of a secular culture. In France, until one hundred years ago, there were crucifixes in courtrooms—a reminder that Christ was once King there, and in French Canada there are still crucifixes in the courts. To the average Catholic in this country such a thing would seem at least an oddity, if not a scandal. This is merely an example of how far we have come from a Christ-centered political system. It is because the situation is so bad that the Holy See instituted the Feast of Christ the King, at once a reminder and a remedy.

Yet we must work for the fulfillment of the prophecy that "He shall rule from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. . . . And all kings shall adore Him, all nations shall serve Him."

For our encouragement we should remember that Christ is a King Who has already won His kingdom. He may be unhonored and apparently dethroned but He has won the victory. The scene of His triumph was Calvary, and His throne is the Cross.

And we can be thankful to You, God the Father, that "offering Himself on the altar of the Cross an immaculate host and peace-offering, Christ has completed the mysteries of human redemption; and all creation being made subject to His domination, He has delivered into the hands of Thine infinite majesty a kingdom eternal and universal, a kingdom of truth and life, a kingdom of holiness and grace, a kingdom of justice, love and peace."

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS



# Pattern for Peace

Reluctantly

We must let go our dreams.  
The need is for a sterner

Entity

For this is the ultimate hour  
And if we would survive  
Decision may no longer be delayed.

Tragically

We've come too far  
Across the midnight lands  
With pretense for our armor  
Deceit clutched in our hands.

Complacently

We mouth fine phrases  
On the brotherhood of man.  
Yet all the while  
We give more thought  
To a twenty-dollar bill  
Than to a starving neighbor  
On a distant foreign hill.

Scientifically

Great is our stature.  
Here, a man can split an atom;  
There, another is restoring sight.

Paradoxically

The fires of suspicion  
Are blinding whole nations  
And the sickened question  
Of the maimed who fought for her  
And the eternal sigh  
Of those who died for her  
Is: "Where is peace?"

Too readily

We blame the dictator  
For abducting her;  
The politician  
For seducing her,  
And the industrialist  
For perverting her.

Truthfully

'Tis you and I, John Doe  
Who beseige towns,  
Oppress the weak  
And rape the innocent.  
For we have allowed the reins  
Of our destinies to lie slack  
In the uncaring hands of clowns.

Prayerfully

Let us make amends,  
Let go our dreams  
Of empire and estate;  
Let go our malice,  
Pettiness and hate;  
Let go complacency  
And arrogance  
And empty words.  
And "put on Christ"!   
Then the sun will shine  
Across the midnight lands  
And the face of the earth will be changed.  
And death will no longer remain  
The greatest common denominator  
Of all peoples  
And there will be peace.

CLINTON O'NEILL



# Is Communism Inevitable?

Our time is short. Certainly as individuals, possibly as a civilization. It is good when danger threatens to make a quick examination of conscience, an act of contrition, faith, and love. We should examine our political conscience and know firmly what we believe. If we do not know our creed today we shall be unable to make profession of faith before the (possibly very tangible) tribunal of tomorrow.

Is economic determination or moral choice the decisive factor in history; and, more specifically, is communism the final necessary outcome of capitalism or can men choose an alternative?

## Success of Communist Theory Ideologic Rather Than Economic

The basic assumption of the materialist interpretation of history is that human ideologies are caused exclusively by changes in methods of production. The whole of dialectic materialism—and its offspring Bolshevism—is constructed thereon. The force of this idea, evolved over a hundred years ago by two bourgeois intellectuals, has changed the face of the political world. This thought was engendered (Marx was right so far) by the horrid condition of men toiling under the new methods of production. Without that crisis of society the German-Jewish philosopher and the French economist would probably not have met. But the impulsion that brought them together was a common pity for human misery, a common indignation with human injustice. These are not economic factors, yet it was these which inflamed the reformers' emotions and set off a conflagration that is not yet burnt out. The ideology of communism was generated by the impact of economic conditions on minds invested with the heritage of a humanitarian tradition,—which had been before that a Christian one. If there had been no spiritual ferment at work there would have been no protest; the capitalist thesis would have produced no antithesis worth recording, and the new methods of production with their increased efficiency would have been accepted as by a colony of termites. The ideology which today seeks to root out what is left of Christianity, is itself an indirectly impelled travesty of some fundamental Christian ideas. This is acknowledged by Christian writers as diverse as Berdyaeff, Niebuhr and Monsignor Sheen. And these wise men agree that there are so many strong and intelligent Marxists because there have been for too long so many weak and silly Christians.

## The Failure of Christian Practice

Since the Renaissance Christians have been progressively more interested in amassing treasure on earth than in heaven, so it is no wonder their Marxist offspring identify heaven with earthly treasure. Marxism is the lens through which many of our contemporaries look out upon the world, but materialism is the cataract that covers the eyes of all of us. Only a few quite holy people are free of it. But if the sharp knife of Christian doctrine cuts away this membrane we see things freshly, as did the man born blind, and like him are astounded to behold "men as trees, walking." We discover a forgotten greatness in men and find that many judgments made in our blindness should be reversed. For one, that not only are changes in ideology not exclusively caused by changes in methods of production, but rather, that changed methods of production are caused by changes in ideology.

### Discoveries Left Undiscovered

A quiet Italian woman, the sociologist Gina Lombroso Ferrero—who was not a Christian but loyal in pursuit of truth—wrote several books to illustrate this theory. One of the rare people to see the full implications of this line of thought and to proclaim its value was the philosopher Bergson. The reasoning in a few words is this: we know that the ancients (Chinese, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans) knew many of the basic principles of mechanics, and that there were in those civilizations men of extraordinary scientific and speculative abilities who could have developed from these principles the whole list of inventions made by our civilization. The reason that they made no attempt to do so is that they did not wish to. They foresaw, according to this theory, the upheaval and suffering to which such radical changes in the methods of production would have exposed society and preferred to forego material benefits rather than risk manifold disaster.\*

The many readers of Toynbee's *Study of History* will remember the importance he attributes to choice, to moral discrimination, in the evolution of civilizations, in each case tracing their "breakdown" and ultimate end to a moral decision, a deliberate though unconscious suicide.

The history of man is, like the little histories of men, the record of an uninterrupted succession of moral choices. There are periods when we can almost see the fateful decision being made. During the time we loosely call the Renaissance men made a

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\* This attempt to squeeze Gina Lombroso's thought into so small a nutshell is unjust. But the student will be rewarded if he will read *The Tragedies of Progress* and *The Return of Prosperity*.



choice in their attitude to knowledge, and in their attitude to wealth, which has reshaped the world. Science was no longer "a contemplation of things but an exploitation of things"; wealth was no longer a means to an end but an end in itself. The leaders opted for luxury at the expense of liberty, for license at the expense of law, for autonomy at the expense of authority. Out of this choice came the Reformation, capitalism, the inventions and the revolution of industry.

## **Materialism the Mother of Invention and the Murderer of Freedom**

In the fearful welter of misery and maladjustment which followed the Industrial Revolution, with its absorption in grossly tangible aims, men turned first to the elegant parlor game of idealism and, when things got tougher, to the rough-and-tumble of materialism. Hegel was the grandfather of communism, of nazism, and of monopoly capitalism. He was chosen by them all because they are all brothers with the same motto, the same hates and the same god. They all worship a moloch which for the first two is "the state" and for the latter "business." They all agree (though in varying degrees) in their contempt of the individual. They all believe, with their progenitor, that "freedom lies in the recognition of necessity." By this identification of *freedom* with *necessity*, this diabolic synthesis of two irreconcilable antitheses, Hegelian thought has forged the handcuffs of human liberty, that liberty which the Church declares "the first of earthly goods."

## **Meeting Necessity Halfway**

This worship of necessity has corrupted us all. By Marxian prophecy capitalism must necessarily be followed by communism. And Marx because he was right in many particulars has us all hypnotized, sitting in a ring waiting for the apparition. It is as Banquo said: "Ofentimes to win us to our harm the instruments of darkness tell us truths, win us with honest trifles to betray's in deepest consequence." All the "intelligent" people believe Marx, the communists triumphantly, the anti-communists dejectedly. Only "stupid" people, "outside the flow of history" dare to disbelieve him. The most brilliant and cultured of the *bourgeoisie* in Europe and America have for several years now been trying by mental acrobatics to fit themselves into the "new," the "inevitable" position. They are applying their energies to accepting the future with a good, if somewhat contorted, grace. It does not occur to them that God's dialectics may not be the same as Marx's; that He to Whom all things are possible laughs at our "necessity" and that in

the multiplicity of His design there are alternatives as yet undreamed of by political economists.

## **Blood Brothers**

Capitalism need not necessarily give place to collectivism but we must keep our eyes open to the inner kinship which makes the transition from the one to the other dangerously easy (although, of course, hideously painful). The one leads logically though not at all inevitably to the other. Both private capitalism and state capitalism are materialist in ideology. Both despise the human person and glorify industrial achievement. Both, while paying lip service to liberty detest it, and tend to set up a tyranny, which both call "order" and which—whether it be a tyranny of the state or of business organization—is the reverse of true order, natural and divine.

It is needful to insist on this kinship lest we fall into the Main-Street habit of seeing them as opposites, while the one is only a magnified and far more terrible stage of the other. If we see them as opposites we shall try to fight communism with the blunt instrument of our common materialist ideologies whereas we must fight it on another plane altogether, with the nuclear fission of the Christian idea. It is not with higher wages and frigidaires for all, that we shall wean men away from communism, for man does not live by ice cream alone but rather by the words which proceed out of the mouth of God (or, failing these, out of the mind of Satan). As it is not true that we must beatify capitalism as the alternative to communism, neither is it true that we capitalists must resign ourselves to an inevitable progression of events toward communism. Capitalism leads logically to communism because of their common materialistic bias, but it does not lead *inevitably* to communism because there is no obligation to follow a proposition to its logical end once we find the premise to have been false. If we pull ourselves out of the materialistic morass into which we have fallen, we can redirect the affairs of men, even at this eleventh hour. But our ability to do so hangs on a moral choice. It hangs on a reorientation of our thought from materialistic ends and aims to spiritual aims and God our end, after which the material will assume a secondary place. All this has been told us over and over again: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things will be added unto you."

## **The Alternative to Communism**

The alternative to communism is Christianity, lived and understood and practiced. It is true that Christianity as such is



of a political system or an economic system, but it will give rise to a just political system and a stable economy. There is not even any particular mystery about the forms these might take. We have the guidance of the Church philosophers and the papal encyclicals to tell us what the consequences will be. In the political order we can have a democracy if we wish, or a monarchy or an aristocracy, or even a mixed form more or less like we have now. But none of these political forms will withstand corruption unless we and our political leaders look to God and exercise virtue. You cannot make a good omelet with rotten eggs, no matter how carefully you follow the recipe.

In the economic order the basis of stability will be, and must be, a widespread distribution of the ownership of property. The Popes have insisted on this again and again in their encyclicals, and some of the best modern Catholic minds (Chesterton and Belloc outstanding among them) have considered how this would work out in practice. Certain it is in any case that both communism and capitalism in their economic aspects violate the fundamental principle involved, communism because it would do away with private ownership, capitalism because it limits ownership, in practice, to a few. Some form of distributing ownership must underlie economic reform.

But when that is said it is still necessary to return to the first point—the primary necessity of a spiritual revolution. In practice you won't be able to redistribute property without a spiritual transformation. Today we see young people shying away from small independent enterprises which contain an element of risk, and taking infinite pains to *secure* a job in the bureaucracy of government or of finance. If one of the great houses of industry will paternally take a man on for life, with regular wages now and a pension in old age, he thinks himself lucky. (And in the unstable condition of capitalist society he cannot be condemned for trying to assure a livelihood for his family by thus circumscribing the future.) His political behavior will be patterned on his social behavior. He will reflect his milieu by eschewing independent judgments and avoiding issues, and drown himself in conformism; or he will react against his milieu with violence and fall into all the booby-traps of reformism. In either case, by foolish enthusiasm or by timorous passivity, he prepares the scene for totalitarian rule. When a large proportion of citizens pin their hopes to bureaucratic job-holding, and security is preferred to independence, we must begin to fear the breakdown of society. Such men cannot break their chains without a new realization of God's Providence

and a burning, corporate desire to rescue their fellow men from slavery of soul.

### Communism Not Radical Enough

In the battle between materialism and Christianity, between collectivism and distributism over the inheritance of capitalism, the side which is ready to make the greatest sacrifices with the least hesitation will win. The early communists did not hesitate to make sacrifices, the present-day ones do not hesitate to demand and brutally to enforce them. We must make them freely. There is a fundamental readiness for sacrifice in the young. In some it goes unused and festers into all sorts of evil things and gives us juvenile delinquents, in others it swells into a warm vapor of theorizing and these march behind Wallace or some other Marxian strawman. To countless others it gave the nerve to get killed, not because they believed the war was much use but simply because one sticks by one's buddies. If these young people saw a chance to work and struggle for something decent, they would flock to it. In the present system they never attain full human stature, they are put off with the substitute struggles of ballgames and boxing; they feel that all their lives they are sleepwalkers and die without ever having been awake; that is why some men enjoy wars, some women submit willingly to operations; on these occasions at least pain makes them conscious of being alive. If this deep vitality, this self-sacrificing energy is led by Christian love it will have power to renew the world. "All times are but the history of the divine action."\* Our time can be one of hardness of heart or of heroism and abnegation. If there were no choice in the matter Our Lady would not have begged for our conversion at La Salette, at Lourdes and at Fatima. Let us do penance for the past by fighting for the future.

MARION MITCHELL STANCIOFF

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\* Caussade, *Treatise of Abandonment to the Will of God*.



# SONG FOR THE INNOCENT SLAIN

## *The Politics of Eternity*

The Lord possessed Him of His children  
The little children who so loved the world.

The ovens of Dachau are trim and neat,  
And human-body size.  
From unresisting flesh the sweet  
And sickening smoke did rise.

How sleek the lines of *Enola Gay*  
That loosed the atomic cone.  
How bright the ray that dissolved away  
The flesh and brain and bone.

*Gulag* calls out to the numberless host:  
The millions move in reply.  
Not nameless waste nor uttermost coast  
Holds the vastness of their sigh.

The ravelled sleeve, the hardened bread,  
Their secret prayer-beads are.  
Siberia's army of breathing dead  
Cry hopelessly from far.

They went where they would not go,  
But they all come to their Father.  
With measured joy they dance before Him,  
As David danced once in mighty joy before the Ark—  
The Ark of a Covenant that was lost.

They are with their Father,  
Delighted every day,  
Playing before Him at all times,  
Playing before His Face.

The Lord possessed Him of His children,  
The children of His love.

JEREM O'SULLIVAN-BARRA

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*Enola Gay*—the girl's name given to the plane that dropped the first atomic bomb.  
*Gulag*—organization for recruitment and deployment of slave laborers.



**A LITTLE CHILD SH**



EAD THEM ~ ~



# The Catholic Politician – Alas!



The argument that you can't judge the Church by the people in it has been worn pretty thin. For most non-Catholics there is no other way of judging the Church. We, on the inside, know that the Church is the spouse of Christ, and as such is beyond reproach and worthy of complete esteem. The non-Catholic doesn't generally know this. The only evidence he has of Christ is us, we who profess Him.

The public lives of many Catholic politicians (as politicians) have been a scandal in the eyes of those who lack the Faith, as well as to those of us who abominate their crooked ways. It is not unfair to expect greater virtue among public leaders than among the obscure. Those in the public eye wield a tremendous power for good or evil. The responsibility of a man to bear witness to the Faith increases as his popularity increases. Whether he likes it or not, as a Catholic politician, though *he* may separate his religion from his politics, *those who watch him* will identify the two. There is no reason for their not doing so. The Faith is either a thing *lived* or it is a dead collection of rules.

It would be unfair to hold a man liable to condemnation for an isolated breach of trust or a rare show of human weakness. Leaders are still human. But when he embraces a method of politics antagonistic to all Christian concepts of legal and social justice, such as that displayed by the Curleys, Hagues, and the Pendergasts, we cannot dismiss the scandal as though it were the idle scorn of Pharisees.

The obtuse argument, "It's about time that *we* got *our* share!" overlooks the all important fact that Confirmation sets *us* worlds apart from *the others*. It does not set us apart as a snobbish elite but rather raises us up above them on a Cross and (unworthy though we are) we are the holocaust wherein their redemption lies.

Ever since Lincoln Steffan's *Shame of The Cities*, much raking has made many an easy buck for hungry journalists. There has been little attempt, however, to show the historic circumstances from which the modern political machine developed. What little documentation has been done, has failed to point out those facts most significant to Catholics and the social apostasy of the Church. Briefly then, I would like to consider the history of Boston; Boston, because in that city the progress of events has

less complex than elsewhere; Boston, because the political situation was and is the doings of Catholics; Boston, finally, because I am a native of that city and, knowing its spirit, can speak with some accuracy and more than a little compassion.

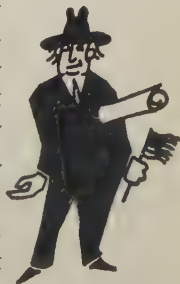
## The Immigrant

The majority of Americans are sons of immigrants. The nineteenth century and a quarter of our history saw the greatest migration of men in human history. Boston was one of the cities that felt the full impact of the tidal wave of immigrants. In Boston the wave was that of Irish Catholics breaking and foaming around the oldest, most deeply imbedded rock of colonial Yankee Protestantism.

The growth of the Boston diocese is a good indication of the intensity of the flood. Conversions can account for only a small fraction of the increase. The bulk of the faithful was provided by the Irish, later the Italians, and after these, Polish, Lithuanians and other Europeans. In 1796 there were no more than 100 Catholics in the New England area, at least that is all there were who maintained contact with the hierarchy. In 1846 there were 2,000, 20,000 of whom had immigrated since 1835. When the late William Cardinal O'Connell took the chair back in 1907 the total showed 850,000. 1907, incidentally, was the high year for immigration. The United States opened its doors to 1,285,349 in that year alone! Today the archdiocese of Boston numbers 2,934,418 souls.

The impact of immigration on Boston was that of an almost universally poor and uneducated horde of Irish Catholics tramping down the gangplank into streets populated by stiff-necked Protestant Yankees. The beatitude of these Yankees was their vaunted social virtues which depended for their subsistence on a slightly tinted dollar earned in banking, shipping, slave-trade, and rum-trade, but now grown hallowed in the sacramental system of Calvinist business-sainthood. The benignity that comes of wealth dictated no more than a lifted eyebrow or a wrinkled nose as the Olympians of Beacon Hill looked down from their windows upon the seething docks. The handful of Catholics dating back to earlier colonization, and now assimilated by the natives, had slowly won certain social privileges from the Yankees.

Prior to the great invasion, Catholicism in Boston had enjoyed not only tolerance, but a certain amount of respect. When, for ex-



ample, Reverend John Lefevre Cheverus arrived from France to take over the small flock of 100 Catholics that constituted the New England Church in 1796, his austerity of life and his winning charm won support from many non-Catholics, and it is said that President John Adams, along with a few other big-wig Yankees, donated a good slice of the \$2,700 he raised for a new church. Later, in 1834, when the Ursuline convent in Charleston was razed by bigots, it did more to win the sympathy of the Yankees than to evoke their applause. It did, as a matter of fact, start a wave of conversions! The newspapers apologized. The politicians sympathized. Some non-Catholics volunteered and were accepted as guards to protect the nuns from further indignities.

As day by day more ships, bulging with sick and half-starved passengers, slid down the harbor and tied up at Long Wharf, the temper of the Yankee changed. These newcomers were without a redeeming feature. They were uncouth, they were multitudinous, and they were Catholic. The Yankee saw this as a threat to the dominion he had carefully nurtured, this treasure, the mark of his election, and so he settled down to a seldom bloody but perpetually militant campaign to keep the immigrant in his place. The place to which he was assigned was the docks. There would be his home. There, would be whatever livelihood he could share with the rats. He was to be excluded from business, education and the professions.

Persecution would not be the best word to describe the treatment of the immigrant. There were many instances of insult, some of bloody assault, and recurrent vandalism, but the war waged by the Yankee was more passive than active. He closed the door to the jobs, the property, the financial aid, and the social equity which the immigrant desired and needed so badly. The immigrants were forced to turn back upon their own meager resources for subsistence and survival. They established an encampment down by the docks, and by sheer weight of number fought for every foot of space and every minute right which the forefathers of this new country had assured them was theirs—inalienably.

Orestes Brownson was one of the few men who, at an early date, saw in this ghetto confinement of the immigrant a sad potential. He could see that denying the immigrant full opportunity to win a place in the new world would force him to turn defensively and angrily to the one available opportunity for improvement made possible by his number—politics. The immigrant might be confined to hovels infested by wharf rats, open-seamed



the harbor winds, he might be limited in his choice of work to penny for docking and a pittance for digging, he might be excluded from all social intercourse with his cultural betters—but no one could revoke the franchise which he procured at the first possible moment.

There were tears in many an Irish eye when they realized that conditions were worse on this side of the water than the other. The Yankee Bostonian was cousin to the English landlord, that they could see. The tear was soon replaced by a glint. "And so you want a fight that you're wantin' . . . well, then, begorra ye'll git it!" They organized for economic and political war.

And that is how it came about, that when the later immigrants came, they found awaiting them at Long Wharf a motley congregation. Their relatives were there weeping and waving, and the ward-boss was their priest, and among them stood another, legs in a top-booby, blue serge suit, and a glint in his eye. This was the ward-boss. In the company of their relatives they realized the complete picture of their social lives, in kitchen parties, parlor courting, and Sunday wakes. In their priest they found the familiar Faith under new circumstances. In the ward-boss they met their economic and political destiny.

### **The "Organization"**

The "organization" headed by the ward-boss was the instrument for procuring justice for the immigrant and his family. The justice was admittedly astigmatic, if not blind, it was narrow in its scope, and not unmixed with self-interest, but it did in fact administer to the impoverished, bringing mercy to where it was most needed.

As the "greenhorn" descended the gangplank he was ushered to a shed. There he signed the "Doomsday Book" under the stern and calculating eye of the boss. This signature was an irrevocable pledge of loyalty to the organization, for which loyalty he would receive a means of income, protection of his rights, and financial aid for self and family in time of need. Anything that the man might do by his industry, talents, initiative or brute strength, to increase the power and effectiveness of the organization would serve to increase his esteem in the community, secure his future, and raise his income. To fail in loyalty through malice or blunder was punished in proportion to the harm suffered by the organization. The administration was autocratic. It was personal and intimate. It was a rule of the heart, ruthless in hate, benign in love, answerable to no law other than that prescribed by the boss. A man's fists or a woman's tears would more than

likely be the deciding point in a close decision. Oral persuasion was the sole prerogative of the boss.

The boss' days were filled with such matters as the finding of Okie O'Connor's dory that had been stolen, getting Mrs. McCarthy a bed at the city hospital, shutting off Andy Gahagan's oldest son who had been hitting the booze too much, priming a lawyer to defend Inky Kelly who, if he went up this time it would be for good, bringing some cut plug and beer to Denny O'Brien who was breathing his last in the Holy Ghost Hospital for Incurables, seeing how Ed Maguire's brat was doing after falling through a hole in the warehouse roof, collecting the monthly shake-dox from McGonagle's tavern, passing the hat among the boys for Father Burke's new altar . . . a mother and father he was to a lot of them, and a back o' the hand to the man who would crucify him. . . .

The rule of the organization was tyrannous beyond a doubt, but the tyranny was one imposed less by the ward-boss than by the native American's unwillingness to share a free citizenship with the newcomer. The Irish immigrants, and the Italians who followed them, were not fitted by temperament, experience, or education for any more democratic or representative form of government. Individually they were no match for the native American in any bout other than that which could be resolved by brute strength. Of virtues they had many, but they were the virtues of a simple people. They had to depend as children upon the three bosses who in their name would wage war upon the Protestant Republican lords of business, property, and finance. The organization was the best answer they could give. As long as the oppression was acute, the ward-boss, accidentally, if not by intention, was, as far as can be seen, the servant of the common good.

### **The Wedding of Economics and Politics**

Under the system, politics was strictly a bread and butter proposition. The immigrant (and later his children) was employed seldom, if ever, apart from the intervention or intercession of the organization. Working for the city was as far as his ambition could extend. Fate and Yankee stubbornness conspired, however, to place the industrious Irishman in a ground-floor position in the growth of a great city. He learned of the operation of a city literally from the ground up. His dealings via the pick and shovel were with municipal improvements, construction of buildings, extension of water and gas lines, and if he were alert he would gain valuable experience that could long be put to use. He would advance to the position of foreman (especially as

Italians came and took over the ditches), and maybe if he had his money he could get a horse and dump cart. Thus, tunnel-underground, always aided and abetted by the organization, they became more involved in all of the matters in the city that called for transportation, construction, public works, maintenance, and last, if not least, the police and fire departments.

Economics and politics are seductive bedfellows. Sure, if Bumsie Moore had a kitchen cabinet position and passed out the contracts for the city, and Chowder Head Moore had a horse and m, and Bumsie Moore was the cop on the beat, who was to know better of a few zeros added to the bill to City Hall? Who now? Consciences grow lax in the time of war, and this was war, for who would pay for it but the Protestant property owners, "the one who wouldn't give us a house over our heads if we were t' die for it!" This wasn't the rule in the old days, but the occasion was rare and some made the best of it. It was the beginning of a corruption that would grow.

The organization came to need lawyers badly. There was always some Republican snooping about, sent down, more than likely, from the State legislature to find out what he could. And it was that some of the brighter lads, descendents of a loyal family, would be granted the privilege of soft hands and a privileged schooling. A politician had to know what side his law book was buttered on. Law and the passing of the bar became the initial step to political candidacy.

Right up to the present generation in Boston you can see the occupational characteristics of the Catholics as coming directly or indirectly from the taboos of the Yankees on one hand, and the appointments of the politicians on the other. You will find the Irish strong in all branches of civil service. Construction companies and trucking outfits are predominantly Catholic, either Irish or Italian. Of course, the young people today, now that the heat has been taken off, are gravitating to the real and pseudo-professions. The Yankees are still the real-estate holders, the brokers, and the executives of business and banking.

Only ten years ago I attended Mass in a church in Boston, and the sermon dealt with the glories of civil service. Before the sermon was over the priest had the unemployed youth in the congregation raise their hands in a none-too-solemn pledge that they would seek out and capture a civil service position. This was keeping with tradition (not the pledge, but the object of the pledge). The economic well-being of the immigrant unto the third generation has been inevitably tied in with the political sys-



tem. This serves as partial explanation of the mystery of w. Mayor Curley was greeted by a loving delegation of citizens when he returned to Boston after being convicted of mail fraud.

### **You Become What You Hate**

The hope springs vainly but eternally in the hearts of men that they can by devious means and foul achieve a position of eminence, from which security they can afford to practice heroic virtue. To attain the position of temporal security, respectability, and full social acceptability to which the early ward citizen aspired, could not help but associate with the Protestant culture with which it was inevitably tied. A move from the class called "sham Irish" into the strata of the "lace curtain" and "cut-glass" meant not only a geographical translation from the North, West, or South End to Dorchester or Roxbury, but it also involved an assumption of the norms prescribed by the Yankees for social behavior. The very "promise" of temporal peace and prosperity which enticed the immigrant to these shores, was the obstacle to his accepting his lot with the dignified resignation out of which sublime virtue grows. He saw this "promise" made manifest to the carried Protestants, in their clean, trim propriety, in their facility for gracious living. He disliked it, but in his heart he knew that this indeed was the end of his political strivings. His children, born into a society where the breach between religion and politico-economic activity had become a gulf, were more consciously aware of their choice of ends. They saw no incompatibility between a desire for temporal prosperity worked out in the sphere of political expediency and the austere aspirations of the Faith, because there was no longer any attempt to reconcile the two. No one was hated more in the wards than a reformer. The idealistic or religious reformer was damned at every turn. Yet there was only such a reform that might have re-integrated the religion with the social so that the Faith might have been kept all one piece.

What did occur was, that as the Irish grew more socially influential and comparatively free of Yankee oppression, they adopted unwittingly the same abortive social ideas as their eternal enemies. The tangle web they had woven of private virtue and political chicanery tied them hand and foot. It became almost impossible for them to see the relevance of the Faith to politics and public life, and vice versa. One was private and of the priest, the other was public and of the politician—and never the two should meet. This condition of secularism has been perfectly evidenced in many Boston politicians, it exists as a tendency in

ple. It need hardly be said, that as long as there is one area under the dominion of the Faith, there will always be a struggle of the conscience to achieve the totality of expression which Christianity demands. This fact is the hope of Boston and the world.

The intense loyalty of the Irish immigrant to the Church, his generosity in giving of time and money, and his often heroic industriousness and charity succeeded in establishing a beach-head of Catholicism on these shores against almost insurmountable odds. His political secularism, and his eventual adoption of Yankee attitudes, reduced the chances that the beach-head should develop into a militant campaign of Christianization. Thus he secured a dynamic Faith, while at the same time he prevented its overflow into a social Christian revolution.

In 1903, when Boston observed its first century as a diocese, Father Cornelius Clifford, writing in the *Providence Visitor*, observed with alarm the direction that events were taking. He wrote:

We doubt very much whether the present generation of Boston Catholics can be said to be living up to the level of the opportunities provided for them. As a body they seem to have little or no influence on the religious life of the country; they have no initiative; no originality, no sacred hardihood. They are content, as the record of their doings in *The Pilot* from week to week amusingly reveals, to model themselves on such surviving ideals of Puritanism as they see and understand.

The ethos revealed in every several stratum of the sequestered community is not a pleasant one. A lack of religious seriousness, a proneness to make platform speeches take the place of more honest effort, a tendency to talk and compare, to "read papers," but not act, a readiness to be admiringly occupied with Harvard College and the Latin schools that feed it, and—most commendably inconsistent of all—a steady determination to support *The Pilot*, keep dear John Boyle O'Reilly's memory fresh and green, and be Irish, Bostonese Irish down to the end of the incoherent story—that we should say, expresses, and none too flippantly we hope, the inward spirit of the "Hub Catholic" taken in a lump. His over-contented provinciality has a crude flavor, as of scriptural east wind about it, and its too assiduous blowing has made of a possible Garden of the Lord a dismal Valley of Dry Bones.

Father Clifford's remarks, in fact if not in spirit, can truthfully applied today, with but few modifications. One exception would be that his remarks concerning *The Pilot* could not taken in the same spirit, for it is certainly a far more militant a vital paper than it was in 1903. The other exception is the splendidly apostolic spirit being exhibited by that comparative handful of laymen who have captured the militance of their magnificent Archbishop. It is not these few, of course, to whom I allude (nor, I am sure, would Father Clifford) but rather that great mass of indifferent souls through which they must constantly wade. Taken as a whole the impact of Catholicism on Boston is slight. A few Yankees can perpetuate a fake-culture as dead as the *Tradition*, while an art and literary center such as the Pius XI Bookshop set out to be, though thriving as a bookstore, makes little dent in the prevailing apathy.

### Two Sides of the Picture

Ever since the day, June 11, 1871, when the Redemptorist Fathers held the first outdoor Corpus Christi procession in the area, which ended with Benediction from an altar erected over the grave of General Dearborn, the man who said, "The Irish are to be praised for their industry, and hated for their religion," risen up until the mammoth Holy Name Procession of last year, the manifestation of public piety in Boston has been such as to gall the heart of the Yankee. Visiting Catholics from all parts of the globe are edified by the display of practical Catholicism evident in bulging churches all within walking distance of one another throughout the metropolitan area. The newspapers use a good deal of space to document current displays of piety from day to day. Boston is rich beyond all other cities in religious vocations. The parochial school system, though inadequate to the demand, testifies to the generous support of the faithful. This is one side of the picture.

On the other side we find that political ethics have gone from bad to worse. The big-shots have acquired the social graces of the Yankees. They no longer live among the poor but trek in the morning from the surrounding countryside. Their costume and manners are conspicuously improved over the gusty, plug-chewer shiny-serged "pols" of an earlier day. The refinement, as far as can be determined, is confined to the exterior. With the advent of the heyday, and decline of the prohibition era, and the coming of the generations of bosses, the laxity of conscience which characterized the earlier leaders became a hardness of conscience which defied every law but that of "don't get caught!" Whatever might be



common good has become more and more accidental to the life and effect of Boston political action. Power and self-randomization rule the roost, and the reward to the voters is lies and circuses.

At the present time little hope exists among the Bostonians to desire it (and they are legion) for an awakened political conscience. The very system itself screens out any candidate likely to reform it. The Republican opposition, though productive occasionally of such noble gentry as Senator Saltonstall, is weakened by its obvious affiliations with the economic despots.

James Michael Curley, cloaked in the hallowed tradition of ward-boss, to which costume he has added a few braids and tangles of his own, is still without a peer in Boston, or, for that matter, a formidable challenger. He stands upon his record, unrepentant, garrulous, shrewd, and triumphant, living evidence to the truth of the axiom that "in a democracy the people get the government they deserve." Mayor Curley is the son and heir to a political heritage, and no one but he could do justice to it.

### **The Heart of the Matter**

Not long ago I was talking to a Bostonian who is an enthusiastic supporter of Curley. I asked him, "How can you as a Catholic account for Curley's immorality?" My reference, of course, was to Curley's more than rumored sleight-of-hand with cash. He was shocked! "Curley immoral! Why he's the rightest man you ever met. He's the kind of man, if he knew he were unfaithful to your wife, he wouldn't speak to you."

I submit this as evidence. I believe this remark touches the heart of the matter. Morality or immorality have become terms which are in no way related to economics or politics. Good politics is good business is that which succeeds. Bad politics and bad business is that which fails or *gets caught*. A man wins his reputation and his salvation on the virtues he exhibits to his intimates. This is the seed of secularism that has taken political root, and it now, having grown, casts a shade in which no personal piety can grow into public sanctity. Boston, the nation, and the world stand in need of Catholic leadership to bring all men under the temporal kingdom of Christ, and the calumny persists that Catholicism is irrelevant to politics!

As evidence for the same point I submit the following fact.

About a year ago a priest, resident in an area under the domination of a machine not unlike that in Boston, gave a sermon one day on morals and politics. He had chosen his topic at random. He had no intention of relating it in any way to current his-

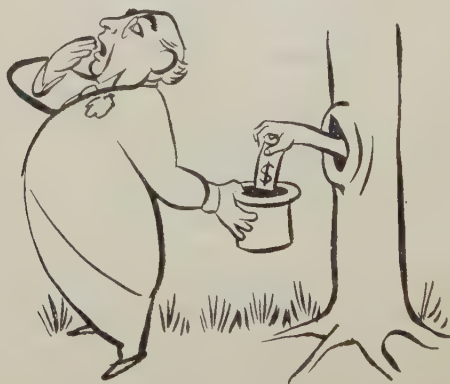
tory. He presented it objectively, dispassionately, and without application to specific instances of abuse. His rectory was deluged with phone calls and letters, most of them abusive and a few bestowing anonymous praise. His superiors were asked to chastise his imprudence. The sermon in its entirety was printed by the courageous editor of a local newspaper, for which bravery he was dismissed from the paper.

This again touches the heart of the matter. It is recognized by the politicians themselves, on those few occasions when it is brought to their attention, that the greatest enemy to their political rule is the traditional teachings of the Church as to the rights and duties of public office.

In politics expediency is the queen to which every knee must bend and every head must bow. Let there be no measure of virtue in the candidate, merely consult his party loyalty. Let there be no clear-eyed analysis of civil authority in its rights and duties before God. Let there be no anticipation of a judgment for stewards of whose hands Christ has entrusted one segment of His kingdom. Let Louis of France rot in his grave unnoticed. Let Machiavelli reign.

By our silence, or by our vote, by tolerating an amoral politician and perpetuating immoral politicians we hide from the non-Catholic the magnificence of a Faith, one facet of which glows in the full knowledge that Christ rules supreme, and all other rulers are but His instruments.

ED WILLOCK



LEGITIMATE GRAFT

# Henry Wallace

In a society where confusion is more and more the natural state, it is not surprising that the confused should seek for their leader a man who has achieved the ultimate in confusion. Their hostile is Henry Agard Wallace, candidate of the new Progressive Party for the presidency of the United States.

Those people who solve all problems by shouting "Red" have been quick to call Henry Wallace's new party communistic. That there are communists in key positions in the party cannot be denied. But to dismiss the party as just another communist-front to miss the whole point.

By far the great majority of the followers of Henry Wallace are not communists. The very fact that the communists, well-organized and certain of where they wanted to go, seized much of the control of the party is bound to cause many of the Wallace supporters regretfully to refuse to continue their support. The real followers of Wallace are not hard-boiled opportunists. They are the "good people" who want nothing more than "to do something" for the "common man."

They love mankind, not because they see Christ in all men, but for the sake of mankind. They hate pain and outside plumbing. They want to make the world more comfortable for man. They are, as one Progressive wrote a New York newspaper, the kind of people who are seen in church on Sunday. But their feeling about religion is less that man should prepare on earth for heaven than that heaven should be prepared for man on earth.

Those who support Henry Wallace say that he is a sincere man—as though that were virtue enough. Those who oppose him say he is insincere—meaning that he sometimes contradicts himself. It would be easy to document the charge of insincerity; insincerity could be proved by contradictions. Wallace does not cling to a single principle but, it seems to me, not because he is sincere but because his personal confusion is so great that he has not yet found a principle to which he can cling. Actually, I believe, he is sincere in wanting to "do something." Like the do-gooders who follow him he sees the world in desperate need and his natural compassion moves him to want to "do something"—and because he does not go beyond the natural he does not know what that "something" could be.

Wallace has been accused of ambition—a strange accusation from a society that for several generations has made just this the rarest virtue. But if Wallace is an ambitious man it is not in the



ordinary sense. He could have achieved more had he remained within his own party and gone along with the party bosses. He already has achieved financial success through his hybrid corn and chickens but he apparently has little interest in this kind of success. His ambition is not the old ambition of wealth and position but the new ambition—he wants to be a kind of natural saint. His ambition—and when his detractors call him ambitious they do not mean this—is simply to “do something” for the people.

Along with it Wallace wants to be loved. This is the great tragedy of his life. Wallace is not the kind of man who can be loved by the people. The people loved Roosevelt, admittedly; there were exceptions, for FDR was a gregarious extrovert. Wallace is not. He loves the people but he is uncomfortable when he is with them. He has none of the glad-handing, backslapping qualities.

It is difficult to place him. He is certainly not a leader. Perhaps it is closest to the truth to call him a kind of teacher, although this is not wholly accurate. He does not have a leader's mind. He does not meet new or unpleasant situations well. The only time he appears to be at ease is when he can be the teacher, the speaker of uncontradicted conceptions.

I sat in a press conference with him once and saw him give an embarrassing exhibition of evasion. He treated each of the questions of the interviewers as though they were trying to catch him in some ridiculous or damaging answer—which is perhaps what they were trying to do. He faced his questioners less like a man who had invited interviewers than like a man who had been cornered by his enemies. Every answer was defensive. He received each question as though he'd been scourged by the questioner.

But after the interview I talked with him alone. I waited to thank him because when he had taken over the editorship of the *New Republic*—a position he has since resigned—he had issued an order to drop all anti-Catholic advertising from the magazine. The change in the man was amazing. A few seconds before he had greeted me with a limp, half-hearted handshake and had waited for me to scourge him. But instead of coming as an enemy I had come as a friend.

He began to talk in a friendly fashion, he became the teacher with a friendly listener. He told me that Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno* was one of the great documents of our times and that if Catholics would only study it and seek to place it into action there would be a better world. For several minutes he was the

acher and I was the student. He was sure of himself—and yet was certain that had I contradicted him, disputed him, he would have lost his sureness. He is the teacher who wants no back-talk from his students—not because he does not believe in their right to talk but because he doesn't know how to answer them.

Wallace knows only as much as he allows himself to know. He can bitterly denounce totalitarianism and then seriously argue that what Russia has is something different. The bitter thing is that he really believes what he says. I'm convinced that Wallace is not the kind of a person who can tell the people something he knows is not true. Before he can try to delude the people he must first delude himself. There is much more to fear, of course, from the self-deluded man than the cynic.

Wallace's eccentricities have been well publicized. Pegler has told the world about the Guru letters—which display Wallace's interest in a hazy mysticism. A great many substantial citizens have been shocked by this display of "paganism," which differed only in some of its terminology from their own brands of more acceptable paganism. The truth about Wallace's spiritual life is that there is every indication of the same confusion that typifies all the rest of his life. In an article he wrote fourteen years ago he told of his interest in the Catholic Church. He told of attending Mass and having "an instinctive feeling" that he would join the worshippers. Later, he wrote, he studied Saint Thomas superficially and found that his intellectual studies tended to destroy for him the spiritual beauty of the Mass. Finally, he made the sort of compromise which many non-Catholics make when attracted to the Catholic Church—he became a high Episcopalian. That he has not been satisfied by this compromise is indicated by his interest in the mysticism of the Washington group.

There are other instances of Wallace's confusion and lack of stability. The time he wrestled a photographer in Chicago is a perfect example. He didn't want his picture taken and when the photographer persisted Wallace used physical violence against him. At that time he was Vice-President of the United States. But he was also a man being bitterly denounced by unfriendly delegates at the Democratic convention. It left him so confused that he did what no rational man in his position would have done.

Since Wallace is so obviously a confused man, unsure of himself and hazy in his ideas, it might seem strange to some that he should have so great a following. Certainly he will receive more than a million votes and he might poll as many as five million. Of these, few will come from communists.

His following cannot be explained by his personal appeal. He is not a good orator—his voice has a whining quality—and he does not speak nor write “winged words” that might lift his audience. He does not have a personal magnetism, he does not have a magic smile, he has none of the qualities of the popular hero.

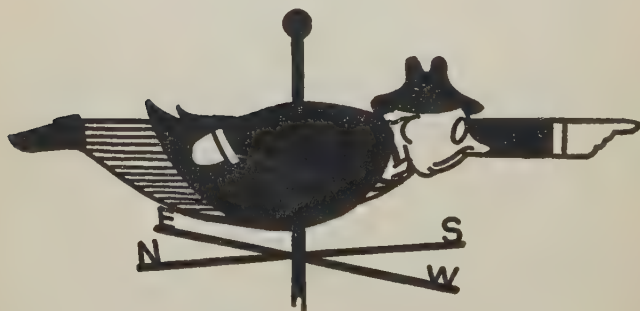
Why then his following? It is because there are millions of other people just as confused as he is. They recognize the need for change in the world, they know we are in a great crisis. They see, too, that the old line political parties are selfish, wary and unwilling to meet that crisis.

These millions are the product of an age that has discarded God but cannot escape the God-ache; that has divorced God from charity and yet wants charity. They are the “good people” who want to “do something” to help “the people.”

And Henry Wallace—for all his personal confusion, for all his lack of appeal, for all his self delusion—is a man of world reputation who “wants to do something” too.

He is being used by the communists, of course—much as the “Judas-goat” is used in the slaughter house. But he is being used. I am convinced, rather than using others.

DALE FRANCIS



POLITICAL INSIGHT



# We Have Suffered a Great Profit

*(A Note on Economics)*

Last year Daisy Biscuit Company made the highest net profit in its history—\$1,650,345,210. At least that's what the books say. But strangely enough, Daisy Biscuit actually spent \$35 more during the year than it took in. How did this come about, you may well ask. This report is to explain American business practices to the ordinary citizen in a more intimate manner, so they may have a better understanding of how we operate.

First of all, in order to stay in business and compete with our competitors, we paid \$145,000,000 to The Herbert Ryelander Research Development Corporation for development of a new type cookie, the Daisy Chain Reaction "Atomic" Cookie, a sales leader all the way once we spent \$605,000,382 to retool our plants, and \$358,000,005 for special promotion. By selling the improved, "Atomic" Cookie at an increase of 350% over our old one sandwich cookie, we took in \$850,000,000 on this product alone last year.

Then, of course, on our sandwich cookie, which we still continue to sell in small quantities, we took in \$1,340,566,892, an increase of 400% over the previous year's sales, due mainly to the replacement of shortening and flour with enriched sawdust by secret process known only to Daisy.

In addition, we took in \$58,832,477 on pretzels and \$39,22,563 on cheese crackers, with the old-fashioned zweibach leading the parade at \$60,380,246. This was a real vindication of Daisy after all other companies dropped zweibach as a total loss and switched to graham crackers in a move to recapture the declining infant market. The younger generation did nobly by Daisy in this matter. Helpful in the campaign to fill their tiny fists with Daisy Zweibach was the slogan developed by The Ryelander, Smith, Ryelander and Baldwin Advertising Agency:

Eat DAISY Zweibach, Little Man!

Gum It or Thumb It As Hard As You Can!

This, together with all our other advertising, cost us \$833,452,326.

Then we paid out \$125,540,400 for sawdust, \$16,000,000 for raisins and peanuts, \$3,000,000 for wages, \$4,000,000 for taxes, \$202,500,050 for dividends to our silver-haired stockholders (89% of whom are widows with growing children), \$40,009,015 for rent and transportation, and \$17,000,035 for miscellaneous, which included a bonus of \$13,000,000 voted to William J. Rye-

lander, Daisy president, in appreciation of the wonderful job I has done.

This does not take into account the fact that depreciation charges of our inventory were at an all-time high because of last winter's heavy rain and the depression of 1873. The overall financial situation received a bad jolt, moreover, when precancelled commodity market fluctuations halted many inventories in mid slump. So you see, our stockholders received less than a 10% return on the year's revenue, and not only that, but we had to go to the bank and borrow \$35 to make the final payment on a batch of cookie cutters.

Our misnamed "high profits" were only a bookkeeping transaction created by a method of accountancy which does not give a true picture of the business. That is why we have gone to the public with our message. Please feel free to write and discuss any aspect of the situation with us. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

NORMA ANN KRAUSE

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## BOOK REVIEWS

### Pursuit of Happiness

#### THE JOY OF SERVING GOD

by Basil Hemphill, O.S.B.

Hardcover, \$2.50

Reading this book on the Third Avenue Elevated I suddenly noticed my two fellow passengers opposite curiously eyeing its bright golden

cover. My momentary self-consciousness passed however when I reflected that this book probably would give these very people intense happiness they did understand and accept its teaching.

For of the difficulties of serving God we have heard much and perhaps might sometimes feel discouraged or even depressed at the signposts set by those who went far ahead on the path to sanctity. In this book, originally a series of conferences to nuns, the sternness of the master is tempered with a father's tenderness. Not that the suffering of a lifetime of daily crucifixions of self-will is minimized. It is shown in radiant brightness, and this radiance is joy.

"Since we are journeying, we must expect the discomforts of travel," the author tells us. The theme of earthly life is its transiency. We must learn to look upon silence, prayer, humility, charity, mortification and death, and the irritations of community life in the light of eternity. He shows us how to do this.

Flowing from the author's deeply supernatural outlook and sound knowledge of the principles of the spiritual life, *The Joy of Serving God* will be a new inspiration and an encouraging guide to religious and lay persons alike. For what else is the purpose of any truly Christian writing other than to make the reader more aware of the opportunities God gives for winning grace in everyday life (whether in the convent or in the marketplace) and to strengthen our resolve to welcome each opportunity with gladness.

One criticism of the book must be stated. In the chapter on Mental Prayer, the author says that infused contemplation should not be asked for as it is an extraordinary favor of God. This, I believe, is contrary to ordinary teaching on the subject.

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

### Beyond Humiliation

#### THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN

by Thomas Merton

Harcourt Brace, \$3.00

At the last judgment it will not be embarrassing to have our sins made public, nor will the revelations about our

neighbors have the savor of scandal. For it's not going to be a case history of us (we are nothing and by that time we shall know it) but a testimonial to God's merciful grace. We shall not even see ourselves or anyone else, for being lost in the contemplation of Him.

You have to be very close to God's perspective to see your own life clearly while you are still on earth. Saint Augustine's *Confessions* is a classical example. And now all of a sudden we are blessed with another record of God's dealings with a human soul, and this time in a way as contemporary and close as the Seventh Avenue Subway. *The Seven Storey Mountain* is the autobiography of Thomas Merton who is



not yet thirty-five years old and who, from having (as the book says) lived a full and worldly life, is now "beyond humiliation." He was a Trappist monk, and now a priest, at the Gethsemani Abbey in Kentucky. He writes with the simplicity and honesty and objectivity of one who is really writing God's story and not his own.

One hears all sorts of stories about Thomas Merton's past. It is said that before his conversion he was a communist, an editor of the *New Yorker*, a Quaker, but he was never any of these things. One usual accomplishment of this book is to get the record straight.

Thomas Merton was born in France of a New Zealand father and an American mother, neither of them with a specific religion. His mother died while he was quite young (the book contains a number of descriptions and meditations on the modern pagan way of dying and being cremated) and his father (who was a good artist, a cultured man and a spiritual one) died when Tom was an adolescent.

Father and son spent considerable time together in France, and then Tom was educated in England up through one year in Cambridge. Between times and afterwards he lived with his maternal grandparents in Douglaston, Long Island, from which base he attended Columbia College and University, where his best friends were a handful of Jews and New Yorkers, including van Doren. His grandparents were as American and bourgeois as Merton's. Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (whom they greatly admired) and fifteen secular magazines on the living room table.

As Thomas Merton advanced in manhood the spiritual and moral disorder within him increased. It is the same sorry tale of modern youth which we see thousands of times in this irreligious age, only in this instance the caliber of the human being was exceptional. This particular prodigal had intelligence and insight and a zest for life and tremendous energy. He also had what is rare today, a solid educational background or at least an intellectual discipline, and a sound set of cultural values. He never loved money. But he laid waste his life with bad reading, more and more in sickening quantity, several packs of cigarettes a day, hot jazz, sitting up all night in bars, a succession of amours, and all of those things which make modern life so very much like hell. He also had a series of spiritual adventures and insights, graces which were resisted but which finally overwhelmed him. He was baptized in Corpus Christi Church up near Columbia toward the end of his studies and then spent several years restoring the order of his nature through grace. He ended up at Gethsemani at the age of twenty-six.

All sorts of important people like Evelyn Waugh and Clifton Fadiman, Graham Greene and Clare Boothe Luce, have hailed this book by its flyleaf, as a great and lasting spiritual treatise. I agree with them heartily. It may not be another *Confessions*, but one certainly is ready to hail it so in the enthusiasm of first reading. Or again, it may really be of that caliber, and it has the tremendous advantage of being set in the experiences and heartaches of our own sorry generation. Not even the next to you in the subway, or the bright young intellectual on the life-line steps, or the girl having a cocktail after work, could say, "I don't know what he's talking about." They could only say, "Why, I never saw it from that angle!"

CAROL JACKSON

## A Christian Chiseler

LETTERS OF ERIC GILL  
edited by Walter Shewring  
Win-Adair, \$5.00

Eric Gill was certainly mad. The form his madness took was to say what he thought, and to do what he liked to do. The fact that his thoughts were

generally penetrating, and his actions generally good, will not spare him in the diagnosis of madness. He was as little concerned about consequences as a smoker in an ammunition dump. He had not been warned (and had not heeded the warning) that natural prudence is first in the hierarchy of modern virtues. He seemed unaware that to use words to flatter and not to mystify is not only impolite and taking unfair advantage, but that it endangers the very pilings upon which modern society is built.

He acted as though taking pleasure in things was perfectly normal, and if not virtuous, certainly not vicious. In this, he set himself against the just of his generation who *would not* take pleasure because it was unrighteous, and the damned of his generation who *would* enjoy pleasure because it was naughty. He had the audacity to seek pleasure because it was nice. There is no accounting for such a man—except Christianity.

As a consequence of his madness we have one of the finest examples of an integral Christian workman that this century has produced. That a man could emerge from a generation inhibited in its conceits and bound in its prejudices is testimony to the efficacy of a grace that not only enlightens but uplifts. Gill worked hard at manual labor almost every day of his life. He learned of God through the ring of metal on stone, and not merely by participating in parlor conversation. He attacked the problem of ideas and the problem of salvation just as he attacked the stone, with a fully deliberateness and a respect for the material. Gill might or might not be a saint, in the strict use of that term, but in his *making*, in his *giving*, he had few peers. For any Catholic layman he exhibited the active virtues to a degree that deserves respect.

He would be the first to laugh at the idea that he should be imitated in his somewhat peculiar habits of life. He was *himself*, and the habits were peculiar to him. He gave the genus man ample opportunity to manifest himself in that particular and partial aspect which was Mrs. Gill's little Eric. That is the least that any one of us can do. It is a minimum cooperation with grace—to be ourselves. Instead of going around imitating saints or imitating scoundrels, it would be more to the point if we tried to be that special kind of saint and that special kind of artist which Eric had in mind when He made us.

In regard to the book: this is a collection of letters from Gill to various friends, editors, customers, and critics. The first letter was written at the age of eighteen in the year 1900. The letters go on from there, with frequent comments by the editor, up to 1940, a short time before he died. The only order in the arrangement of letters is chronological. Against the background of family cares, problems of housing, and eating, and money—which is the lot of most of us—we see a mind eminently practical, too busy to be concerned with fads and fancies, trying to find out what God expects of an English carver of tombstones in the twentieth century. His letters are, on the whole, written to a handful of friends, among them we find many, especially in the later years, addressed to editors, in which he advances or defends certain propositions concerning

art, man, or God. Normally, as a workman, his quarrels were primarily with critics, aesthetes and prudes. He tells the art critics that they invent mysteries and then set themselves up as priests and interpreters of the mysteries they have devised. He tells the aesthetes that the maker of things (artist) is not interested in beauty, but just in doing a good job. If a thing is right and good, says he, it will be beautiful. He reminds the prude that a meadow of flowers is a magnificent and beautiful exhibition of sex-organs. Mind you, in order to do a good job *as a workman* he had to raise questions that none of the intelligensia could adequately answer. In order to be a *common man* he had to do some uncommonly hard thinking.

I think that these letters are a more valuable documentation of Gill's activities than was his autobiography. They are candid shots of a candid personality. (His description of a ride in the cab of a locomotive is priceless!) They are Gill and not Gill-ism. The reader can decide for himself without any pressure by the author, the relevance of Gill's experiences to his own (the reader's) development. The student of ideas may be concerned by the mixture of meat and gravy that necessarily characterizes this collection of letters, but a student of man will not be disappointed. Gill, the artist himself, is a work of art, and God did a right, good, job.

ED WILLOCK

## Amid Encircling Gloom

**YOUNG MR. NEWMAN**

By Maisie Ward

Sheed & Ward, \$4.50

The theological chain reaction that Young Newman keeps on exploding and will continue to do so, we believe, until the wonderful day when England finds H

self back where she belongs—in the bosom of Holy Mother Church.

The latest explosion in this chain is *Young Mr. Newman*, by Maisie Ward. This book covers the early years of the great convert to Catholicism from Anglicanism. The author has gone through the fourteen hundred pages of early personal letters of Newman, all of his other writings and a wealth of books about him. She has come through with a masterful portrait of him as a young man, intellectually superior, priggish, snobbish, who finds himself taken down from his high horse to become the humble and brilliant mind of English Catholicism these last one hundred years.

No one but Maisie Ward's father had bothered since 1885 to look at the large mass of letters from which she has drawn so much of the portrait. Her intent is to fill in the picture in the places left vacant by her father in his two volumes on Newman (in these, only seventy-five pages were devoted to the years before the conversion to Catholicism).

The book is a delight for a lover of Newman but can be a trial to one who is not. When you know the amazing end of the story, you are willing to put up with the unlovable character of Newman that greets you at first. In his early years Newman was almost as insufferable as Flaubert in his similar period.

As time and the pages go by, however, the meaning of Newman's intense preoccupation with his own reactions to everything and his desire to write down every thought with the precise wording becomes clear. We see the development of the great English stylist and master of the psychology of faith.



The author who spent six years on this book has created her splendid picture through a mosaic of quotations and reflections on them with chronology kept pleasantly in the background.

The book ends with a chapter using the title of one of Newman's works, *Loss and Gain*. In it, his letter to a friend on October 9, 1845 is quoted, "I am to be received into what I believe to be the one true Church and the one Communion of Saints this evening," he wrote, and added very humbly, "if it is so ordered. Father Dominic the Passionist is here and I have begun my Confession to him. I suppose two friends will be received with me. . . . May I have only one tenth part as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies."

Father Dominic was the strange priest who, fired by the conviction that he was destined to lead England to the Faith, came to that country and found himself stoned by children on the streets of London. The insults of the children must have appeared as minor penances when he helped Newman, quite prostrate with emotion, from the library after the general Confession.

"I was almost out of myself with joy," Father Dominic recalled.

ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

## Beyond the Metal Draperies

TREASURY OF RUSSIAN SPIRITUALITY

by G. P. Fedotov

Sheed & Ward, \$6.50

One of the most distressing phases of history has been the persistence

with which Russia's attempts to shield her people and culture from alien contacts have been so avidly abetted by the West. A series of "iron curtains" has discouraged prying eyes and ears but most Westerners, far from showing any inclination to understand or investigate their Slavic brothers, have dreamed up an imaginary Russian—an ignorant barbarian with never redeeming characteristic. While Russians remained a rarity in these parts no need was felt to alter this view. However, the advent of the Soviet dictatorship convinced many Russians that it would be a wise policy to prevent themselves temporarily from their homeland and their presence with us has shattered, in no small way, our preconceived notions and opened our eyes to the cultural treasures with which that nation is endowed.

But very much remains for us to learn of Russian ways, especially of her religious background. And to those who continue to subscribe to the "total barbarian" theory Mr. Fedotov's book will come as a rude shock. It not only does it reveal to us that the children of Vladimir have been, for centuries past, acutely aware as Christians of the need to seek salvation, but that in attempting to secure it they have oftentimes attained to a degree of sanctity and spiritual development which can well afford to stand comparison with whatever we have accomplished in that line.

Mr. Fedotov does not here present us with any dry-as-dust textbook. In attempting to give an over-all picture of the religious atmosphere of Russia from the eleventh century to the present he has worked wisely, achieving his purpose by quoting at length from representative works of those centuries and confining his own writing to a brief outline of the material covered by the book and a short introduction to each item. Otherwise, his well-chosen samples, given in good English translations, are permitted to tell their own story. That this marks, according to the publishers,

"the first time that a really serious survey of it (Russian spirituality) has been made for the English-speaking world" is not nearly so important, it would seem to this reviewer, as the fact that here is a book on an important religious theme that is vitally interesting and at times even exciting.

Actually, this book is a must for the conscientious student of church unity. To the Catholic with a thirst for souls wherever they may be, this book will give the hearty realization that the people of Russia, who possess such remarkable spiritual potentialities and who have exhibited in the past a moving devotion to the Liturgy, to the Sacraments and to the mother of God, would be a thoroughly acceptable addition to the Mystical Body—and toward that end may our prayers be unceasing!

PAUL ROWAN

## Should Priests Be Tentmakers?

**THE PRIEST AND THE PROLETARIAT**  
By Robert Kothen  
Sheed and Ward, \$1.50

This small book (very small) is a series of quotations, with comments on the idea of priests

workmen. In France some priests have been going down into the factories working and living with the de-Christianized masses in order to start new parishes among them. The thing is not advocated for the clergy in general but has been approved in exceptional cases in France. The fundamental reason is that it has become in France "more difficult for a parish priest to speak to a worker than it is for a missionary to get in touch with a native." This book doesn't take sides, it just gives some descriptions and comments. It's always running over with the idea of the lay apostolate. Perhaps if a few priests descend to the depth of modern industrial life their example will draw the masses closer to the clergy. No one recommends the general practice. This is a good little book for anyone who wants a condensed view of the modern problem of the separation of the Church from the people.

PETER MICHAELS

## Unwelcome Erudition

**THE MASS OF THE FUTURE**  
By Gerald Ellard, S.J.  
Bruce, \$4.00

Why would a man who is sympathetic to the use of the vernacular in the Liturgy write a book in which every paragraph is introduced by

Latin phrase in bold face, a Latin phrase which usually comes from an obscure source, as far as the layman is concerned, and which is not translated? This unnecessary erudition in what purports to be a semi-popular book about all the radical restorations (to simplicity) in the Liturgy that might take place in our day, causes Father Ellard to lose the sympathy and often the patience of his reader. At least it does if I am the reader. There are not only Latin phrases, but there are also Latin footnotes, and some Greek is thrown in, and some Hebrew, and some scholarly biographies and a lot of historical minutia about the origins of the Mass. The sprightly title and even more sprightly chapter heads simply do not conform to the substance the book contains.

Now that it is said, be it noted that there are many little interesting bits which everyone will like, and that the special student of the liturgical movements will find it a treasure-house of reference material. But it is more a compendium than a survey.

PETER MICHAELS



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may be charged against **Ed Willock** when his book **YE GODS...** (\$2.50) appears. We doubt if poor old Security, Glamor, Success, Speed and the rest of them will ever look quite the same again. If you order this book now you will get it on the publication date, October 25.

If you would like to be taken step by step through the Mass by **Msgr. Ronald Knox** get **THE MASS IN SLOW MOTION** (\$2.50). This is a series of sermons he preached to the singularly fortunate girls of an evacuated convent school to which he was chaplain during the war. Don't for heaven's sake suppose it is a book for school-girls only: it is for everybody. We can think of no more conclusive way of proving this than to tell you that the staff here fought to read the proofs, which is—definitely—unusual.

**THE FAITH MAKES SENSE** by **John Carmel Heenan** (\$3.00) consists of letters from a priest to his niece who has just got herself engaged to an agnostic and wants help in explaining the Faith to him. She doesn't get far with the agnostic (a nice lad, if confused) but she does begin to discover that there is a great deal more to being a Catholic than she had ever supposed.

If you liked **PRIEST WORKMAN IN GERMANY** (\$2.50) by **Father Perrin**, ("One of the most important books to come out of the new movement in the Church"—**INTEGRITY**), then you will want **THE PRIEST AND THE PROLETARIAT** by **Abbe Robert Kothern** (\$1.50), a short survey of all these new movements designed to get priests and people together again.

**Mr. Sheed** has solved a minor but annoying problem—what book to leave in a guest's room to amuse him if he isn't as ready to sleep as he ought to be. **THE GUEST-ROOM BOOK** assembles short pieces, stories and poems by **Chesterton**, **Wyndham-Lewis**, **J. B. Morton**, **C. S. Lewis**, **Belloc** and a score of others; pictures by **Jean Charlot**, **Nicholas Bentley** and **Chesterton**, AND one complete detective novel for those who must be soothed to sleep by murder—surely the most exacting guest could ask no more?

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